

A Scots Poetical Shop Bill.

MY customers, of different ranks,
 To you I do return my thanks
 For all your former favours granted;
 A grateful sense I never wanted.
 That you may be the better suited,
 I've bought my goods the last imported;
 And what I sell, that you may know,
 Is noted in the bill below:
 Here's lint and tow, both white and blue,
 All sorts of cards, both old and new;
 Powder-sugar, starch, and soap,
 Garden seeds of last year's crop;
 Fine pearl ashes, corks, and spice,
 Sugarcandy, cards, and dice;
 White iron mugs, to hold your drink,
 Writing-paper, pens, and ink.
 Barley here, instead of grotts,
 Honey-canes, and chamber-pots;
 Napkins, made at Aberdeen,
 Ginger too, both white and green;
 English wool, and factory backs;
 Wafers, also sticks of wax.
 Brimstone, and the flour of such,
 With other things to cure the itch.
 Tar and iron, salt and lead,
 Raisins, allum, gingerbread;
 Rock-indigo, that's good and true,
 Brazil, and verdigrease, for blue;
 Snuff-boxes, bibles, Carlisle hooks,
 New testaments, and good prayer-books;
 Fine Epsom here, and Glauber salts,
 With other physic, free from faults.
 Senna for children, rhubarb, pills,
 Rosin, birse, and timber heels;
 Oxycroton, wax of bees,
 Empty casks, and dry-ware trees;
 Garters, tapes, bone combs and horn,
 Fine tobacco, twist or shorn;
 Story books, of unco' stuff,
 And I sell John Cuthnie's snuff.
 New English hops, none better grows,
 Fine pick'd ropes, and other tows.
 Here's good salt butter in whole kitts,
 Horses girths and sniffle bits.
 Turpentine oil, and fine sweet sack,
 Burgundy pitch, and good lampblack;
 Metal pots, both great and sma',
 And Carron hoops, just fit to ca';
 Train oil I have, and also green,
 Spectacles to fit your een;
 Sleeve Buttons, needles, pins, and awls,
 Copperas, and Aleppo galls;
 Molasses, cinnamon, and glue,
 Saddle-tacks, and saffron too;
 Black beer, vinegar, and honey;
 Goods for trust, or ready money;
 Fresh rye grafs, and clover seed,
 Buckram, cords, and colour'd thread;
 Metal buttons, hair and horn,
 All sorts that's in the country worn;
 Earthen plates, and small brown mugs,
 White iron mills, and bigger jugs;

White soap, gunpowder, flints, and shot,
 And timber cats, they're but a groat;
 Dram glasses, vials, wheeling wire,
 Tobacco-pipes, and other geer:
 Fine white thread, and cambric knitting,
 Good cheque to sell, that's fit for metting;
 A foreign herb, they often drink it,
 Wi' many other useful trinket;
 All sorts of gun-stones here anew,
 White iron cakes, and button blue;
 Of liquorish I have a share,
 And weavers brushes, several pair;
 Leather points of good sheeps hides,
 With twenty other things besides;
 All sorts of nails and stobs I keep,
 Wi' gude woo' sheers to clip your sheep;
 Most kind of stone ware here you'll see,
 Wi' cups and saucers fit for tea;
 Large white bowls, and quart decanters,
 Tea-pots too for those who're wanters;
 Gimblets here of any size.
 Of chamber-pots I'll tell you twice;
 You'll may be think I do't for sport,
 But I can shew you any sort;
 Glasgow napkins, great and small,
 Button molds and vitriol;
 Nutmegs and sugar, allo'grease,
 Fine ground mustard and Scots cheese;
 For want of good if you should fret,
 I sell at any time dry skate;
 The best wheel-bands I e'er did handle,
 Wi' mustard boxes, and white candle;
 I've finest flour, of English make,
 And, if you please, the same I'll bake;
 That is a branch I still pursue;
 Here's loaves and biscuits always new;
 Likewise your meal, bear, rye, or oat,
 I bake a firlof for a groat:
 I keep an oven always warm,
 But with your meal pray send me barm:
 And wives and lasses far and near,
 For you I've other sorts of geer;
 And I may swear, and not be cheated,
 That a' the parish could no' beat it;
 It's factory lint from Gordon's mills,
 Whose character the mearns fills;
 And my advice I give you a',
 Come take it e'er the prices fa'.
 Quick-silver, different kinds of saw,
 Among the rest, one for the claw;
 Brazilicon, dipalme, hemp,
 Harvest gloves for those that kemp;
 More usefu' things I might advise;
 Troth, here's gude ointment for the eyes!
 Now, if you'll be so very gude
 As come to me, (I think you should)
 If you've but little for to spend,
 I'll thank you kindly, come or send;
 And, though I have some things forgot,
 What goods I have are a' new bought;
 I'm at a word, I like nae prigging,
 My name's John Davidson, at Newbigging.

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